

*Esc.* I fir, very well.  
*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you marke it well.  
*Esc.* Well, I doe so.  
*Clo.* Doth your honor see any harme in his face?  
*Esc.* Why no.  
*Clo.* Ile be suppos'd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.  
*Esc.* He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?  
*Elb.* First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.  
*Clo.* By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.  
*Elb.* Varlet, thou lye'st; thou lye'st wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.  
*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.  
*Esc.* Which is the wiser here; *Injustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?  
*Elb.* O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.  
*Esc.* If he tooke you a box 'oth'care, you might haue your action of slander too.  
*Elb.* Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?  
*Esc.* Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.  
*Elb.* Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.  
*Esc.* Where were you borne, friend?  
*Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.  
*Esc.* Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?  
*Froth.* Yes, and 't please you sir.  
*Esc.* So: what trade are you of, sir?  
*Clo.* A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.  
*Esc.* Your Mistris name?  
*Clo.* Mistris *Ouer-don*.  
*Esc.* Hath she had any more then one husband?  
*Clo.* Nine, sir: *Ouer-don* by the last.  
*Esc.* Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.  
*Fro.* I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.  
*Esc.* Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?  
*Clo.* Pompey.  
*Esc.* What else?  
*Clo.* Bum, Sir.  
*Esc.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are Pompey the

great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.  
*Clo.* Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.  
*Esc.* How would you liue Pompey? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?  
*Clo.* If the Law would allow it, sir.  
*Esc.* But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.  
*Clo.* Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?  
*Esc.* No, Pompey.  
*Clo.* Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too: then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.  
*Esc.* There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.  
*Clo.* If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.  
*Esc.* Thanke you good Pompey; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Casus* to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.  
*Clo.* I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*  
*Esc.* Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?  
*Elb.* Seuen yeere, and a halfe sir.  
*Esc.* I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.  
*Elb.* And a halfe sir.  
*Esc.* Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?  
*Elb.* Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.  
*Esc.* Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.  
*Elb.* To your Worships house sir?  
*Esc.* To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?  
*Iust.* Eleuen, Sir.  
*Esc.* I pray you home to dinner with me.  
*Iust.* I humbly thanke you.  
*Esc.* It grieues me for the death of *Claudio* But there's no remedie:  
*Iust.* Lord *Angelo* is seuer.  
*Esc.* It is but needfull.  
*Mercy* is not it selfe, that oft looks so,  
*Pardon* is still the nurse of second woe:  
*But yet, poore Claudio; there is no remedie.*  
*Come Sir.*

*Exeunt.*  
*Scena*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Prouost, Seruant.*

*Ser.* Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, Ile tell him of you.  
*Pro.* Pray you doe; Ile know His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

*Enter Angelo.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter Prouost?  
*Pro.* Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?  
*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order? Why do'st thou aske againe?  
*Pro.* Left I might be too rash:  
*Vader* your good correction, I haue seene When after execution, Iudgement hath Repented ore his doome.  
*Ang.* Goe to; let that be mine,  
*Doe* you your office, or giue vp your Place,  
*And* you shall well be spar'd.  
*Pro.* I craue your Honours pardon:  
*What* shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?  
*Shes* very neere her howre.  
*Ang.* Dispose of her  
*To* some more fitter place; and that with speed.  
*Ser.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,  
*Desires* access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a Sister?  
*Pro.* I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,  
*And* to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,  
*If* not already.  
*Ang.* Well: let her be admitted,  
*See* you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,  
*Let* her haue needfull, but not lawfull meanes,  
*There* shall be order for't.

*Enter Lucio and Isabella.*

*Pro.* 'Sauc your Honour. (will?)  
*Ang.* Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your  
*Isab.* I am a wefull Sutor to your Honour,  
*Please* but your Honour heare me.  
*Ang.* Well: what's your suite.  
*Isab.* There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,  
*And* most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;  
*For* which I would not plead, but that I must,  
*For* which I must not plead, but that I am  
*At* warre, twixt will, and will not.  
*Ang.* Well: the matter?  
*Isab.* I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,  
*I* doe beseech you let it be his fault,  
*And* not my brother.  
*Pro.* Heauen giue thee mouing graces.  
*Ang.* Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,  
*Why* euery fault's condemn'd ere it be done;  
*Mine* were the verie Cipher of a Function  
*To* fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,  
*And* let goe by the Actor:  
*Isab.* Oh iust, but seuer Law:  
*I* had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.  
*Luc.* Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,  
*Kneele* downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,  
*You* are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:  
*To* him, I say.

*Isab.* Must he needs die?  
*Ang.* Maiden, no remedie.  
*Isab.* Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,  
*And* neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.  
*Ang.* I will not doe't.  
*Isab.* But can you if you would?  
*Ang.* Look what I will not, that I cannot doe.  
*Isab.* But might you doe't & do the world no wrong  
*If* so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,  
*As* mine is to him?  
*Ang.* Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.  
*Luc.* You are too cold.  
*Isab.* Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word  
*May* call it againe: well, beleeue this  
*No* ceremony that to great ones longs,  
*Nor* the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,  
*The* Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe  
*Become* them with one halfe so good a grace  
*As* mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,  
*You* would haue slept like him, but he like you  
*Would* not haue beene so sterne.  
*Ang.* Pray you be gone.  
*Isab.* I would to heauen I had your potencie,  
*And* you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?  
*No*: I would tell what'twere to be a Iudge,  
*And* what a prisoner.  
*Luc.* I, touch him: there's the vaine.  
*Ang.* Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,  
*And* you but waste your words.  
*Isab.* Alas, alas:  
*Why* all the foules that were, were forfeit once,  
*And* he that might the vantage best haue tooke,  
*Found* out the remedie: how would you be,  
*If* he, which is the top of Iudgement, should  
*But* iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,  
*And* mercie then will breathe within your lips  
*Like* man new made.  
*Ang.* Be you content, (faire Maid)  
*It* is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,  
*Were* he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,  
*It* should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.  
*Isab.* To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,  
*Spare* him, spare him:  
*Hee's* not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchens  
*We* kill the fowle of leason: shall we serue heauen  
*With* lesse respect then we doe minister  
*To* our grosse felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;  
*Who* is it that hath di'd for this offence?  
*There's* many haue committed it.  
*Luc.* I, well said.  
*Ang.* The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept  
*Those* many had not dar'd to doe that euill  
*If* the first, that did th' Edict infringe  
*Had* answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,  
*Takes* note of what is done, and like a Prophet  
*Looks* in a glasse that shewes what future euils  
*Either* now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd,  
*And* so in progresse to be hat'd, and borne,  
*Are* now to haue no successiue degrees,  
*But* here they liue to end.  
*Isab.* Yet shew some pittie.  
*Ang.* I shew it most of all, when I shew Iustice;  
*For* then I pittie those I doe not know,  
*Which* a dismis'd offence, would after gaule

And